

BOYS.

Now, if anyone has an easy time
In this world of push and pull,
It is not the boy of the family.
For his hands are always full.
I'd like to ask, who fills the stove?
Where is the girl that could?
Who brings in water, who lights the fire,
And splits the kindling wood?
And who is it that cleans the walks
After hours of snowing?
In summer, who keeps down the weeds,
By diligently hoeing?
And who must harness the faithful horse
When the girls would ride about?
And who must clean the carriage off?
The boy, you'll own, no doubt.
And who does the many other things
Too numerous to mention?
The boy is the "general utility man,"
And really deserves a pension!
Friends! just praise the boy sometimes,
When he does his very best;
And don't always want the easy chair
When he's taking a little rest.
Don't let him always be the last
To see the new magazine;
And sometimes let the boy be heard,
As well as to be seen.
That boys are far from perfect
Is understood by all;
But they have hearts, remember,
For "men are boys grown tall."
And when a boy has been working
His level best for days,
It does him good, I tell you,
To have some hearty praise!
He is not merely a combination
Of muddy boots and noise,
And he likes to be looked upon
As one of the family joys.
—The Gem.



FREE-LANCE
By CHAUNY C. HOTCHKISS
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CHAPTER XIX.—CONTINUED.

Saving the two shots from the first boat, not a small arm had been fired by them up to this time, their determination to carry the vessel by cold steel alone being apparent all through the attack. As my eye ranged over the circle of men that spread about us and hemmed us to the taffrail (yet for all their numbers were held off by the command of their officer), I saw many a face well known to me ashore, but not one expressing an atom of mercy. With a watchful look I anticipated any possible onset, and yet through all the pent vigor of tightened nerves and stiffened muscles my gaze played beyond their lines and marked the details of the surroundings.

The broad ocean lay almost like glass save for the regular heave that passed over it like a wave over the surface of molten metal. Off our starboard beam was an upturned boat floating lazily away, it probably having been stove or capsized by the hatch I had cast into it, and near it drifted the hatch itself. On deck the fallen canvas covered the vessel amidships, and aloft the ragged stump of the topmast, standing clear against the dappled sky, looked like a pine shivered by lightning. A profound silence had fallen where a moment before had been a din of shouts and crashing timber—profound save for a dull thumping forward, which I knew came from the prisoners, who were thus signaling for release. The moment was near at hand when I should pass my soul to its Maker, and yet, though the resolve was as strong as ever, I wavered, not in fear of the next world, but dreading the terrible struggle that would come when a healthy body lay in the weeds in the grip of suffocation. If our captors could not be goaded into shooting me, nothing was left but to cast myself into the sea, and this I would not do so long as the young Quaker stood at my side.

A sudden cry from the bow, soon followed by the sound of metal striking metal, told me that the prisoners were out and being freed from their irons. Belden, without vouchsafing to answer my defiance, hung hesitating, evidently awaiting the arrival of his superior to direct future movements. Disarmed save for the bare steel in our hands, we were an easy prey to him and our deaths now been his object; but as there had been no shot fired after boarding us, the peppy royalist, still smarting from the disgrace under which I had been the means of placing him, felt sure of his ultimate triumph over me, and, giving the order to hold us where we stood, turned toward the point of the disturbance forward and hurried off. I was a step in advance of Ames, who still leaned against the wheel, when I heard his voice in my ear.

"There's a fair chance for a leap, Donald," he whispered. "The last tie is gone. Be thee ready?"

"Nay, lad," I answered softly. "We are not yet parted. I still hang to my oath. I have seen nothing of Gertrude. Where can she be?"

"She is past the sight of this, thank God!" he returned. "She is dead, man; dead and gone, and we will soon follow her. I saw her."

Again he was interrupted, this time by a wild yell from the bow, and the man who uttered it started off chased by half a dozen marines. It was Scammell. With little upon him save a shirt and his small clothes, he broke through the half circle that compassed us, halting just within its limits. He was a horrible object. His hair hung tangled over his shoulders; his eyes were fierce and bloodshot; his face was distorted by rage, and his pallor was startling. Without a word of warning he called me a vile name, and with an oath raised a pistol he had probably snatched from some one and, leveling it at me, fired. The ball passed betwixt my body and elbow without touching the skin, but it struck Ames, who was just behind me. I heard a deep groan as the youth fell to the deck, his head striking the plank with a heavy blow, and a number of hands sprang upon the infuriated officer and dragged him backward.

It was done in an instant. The shock and suddenness of the attack came like a thunderbolt, and yet I retained my presence of mind. With my eye still fixed on my enemies, I stooped to one knee and felt for the hand of my friend, calling on him to speak; but no sound came to my repeated appeal, and the hand I found gave no answering pressure. He was dead past doubt, and had trickily joined his sister, who, in some manner unknown to me, had gone before him.

It was the culminating wave of disaster, and for the moment I felt like sinking beneath it. Within a quarter hour by violence I had been bereft of my two companions, and thus was I suddenly freed from any obligation to live. With none left for whom to combat, surrounded by triumphant enemies, and before me ruin in the shape of

the noose, it was now my right, as well as considered duty, to preserve myself from the disgrace of being hanged as a spy. 'T would be but a short struggle, a moment's wild agony, perhaps, and then the end. I braced myself for the ordeal. Rising to my feet, I gave a last glance around, my eye taking in the vast sweep of the sea, on deck the marines still wrestling with the murderous royalist, and, hurrying aft, Belden, followed by Lounsbury. Then turning my thoughts aloft, I had a revelation, without the slightest mental effort, without the slightest bending of the mind toward any refuge this side of the great unknown, a possible—ay, probable—way of escape opened before me. As the angel of the Lord at the last moment called on Abraham to desist from the sacrifice of his son, so burst this light out of thick darkness and showed me my work was not yet finished. More than willing was I to grasp this more than chance. As though a stone had been rolled from my chest, I took a deep breath, and quickly unlashing my belt, threw both cutlasses and scabbard to the deck, then turning with a stride I reached the rail and cast myself headlong into the sea.

CHAPTER XX.

THE SHELL OF THE DINGY.

Never was my love of life or the certainty of my saving it greater than when I shot beneath the surface of the ocean. Like a plummet I went down, the air bubbles I carried with me roaring in my ears like a cataract. As I lost the impetus of the dive I turned and looked up. Having gone over at the starboard quarter, I was almost under the stern, and the clear green of the water magnified the great shadowy hull of the schooner as she stretched forward into seeming infinity. Like a blot on the silvery surface above me lay the overturned dingy, still held to the vessel by its painter, and in her lay my salvation.

With a few vigorous strokes I swam under it, and, regulating my rise as best I could, came to the surface within the shell of the wrecked boat. The move had been successful. If the trick was unsuspected, I was safe. Letting go my pent breath in a blast, I thanked God for His sudden intervention, and prayed that His hand be not removed from me.

Settled low as was the overturned dingy, my head barely cleared her bottom, but that was sufficient. Sustaining my position with a light hold on the thwart, that my weight should not prevent the regular and natural roll of the wreck, with nerves now tuned to their highest pitch, I lunged and awaited developments. The hole in the boat's bottom furnished me with air, and to my astonishment, this vent in the hollow which now sheltered me gave to my retreat the character of a trumpet, and every sound was magnified, though its quality was changed to the deep sonorous roar such as one hears come from the heart of a conch held to the ear. It was an indistinct babble of cries and oaths that first greeted me, and from the few words I could disentangle I guessed that the whole host had rushed to the schooner's side in the hope that I would rise. Had I still courted death, I might easily have met with it by means of a bullet through my head, for through the confused humming of voices I distinctly heard the sharp clicking of gunlocks, and knew that had I appeared I would have been made a target for a score of muskets.

The sound of voices decreased as the moments flew, and when at last it seemed certain that I had gone to the bottom, there came a general awakening, and a sharp order was given to search the hull, strike the flag, and hoist the British ensign. The clicking of boot heels and the rattling of arms were more distinct than words, but the marines had barely scattered to obey the last commands when, above all else, I heard an unknown voice:

"Overhaul that carrion, and then pitch it overboard!"

This I knew must refer to the body of my poor friend, but before I could realize the necessity of the order thus brutally given, as clear as the order itself rose the voice of Scammell:

"Look, look, Belden! Damn me, but I thought I had brought down a buzzard in missing the hawk, when, after all, I have struck but a peg lower than Thorndyke himself! By the crime of Judas, I wish it had been the other way! If this young, old broad-brim be not Beverly Ames, I'll lose fifty pounds to any one of you! Quick, man! See, he is not dead! 'Fore God, but mayhap he can yet give us some news of his sister! Overboard he goes not! Dead or alive, he must be taken to Clinton, else your commission is in danger! Know you not that he is connected with Mrs. Badely? Send off for help! Is not that long-legged Irishman yet aboard you?"

Here a number of voices joined in and turned to a confused roar all words at once following. In the space of a few minutes I heard a boat putting away from the side, the third of oars in the water making a jar on my ear drums almost painful. For a time there reigned comparative silence, and then came what was doubtless a marine's report:

"The hold is clear of all life, sir. Nawthin' but lead below, an' calin' an' fore'sail all cleaned out bairn' some arms an' the captain's old clothes."

"How's this, Scammell?" said Belden, evidently turning to that officer. "We saw three men aboard, and but two are accounted for. Thorndyke has gone to hell over the side, and this last of yours is like to join him by another route! Where's the third?"

"There was no third," came the sharp response. "Two it was that snatched us below. I know of none other! no more does Lounsbury."

"Nay," said that worthy, speaking for the first time, and with a thick burr to his speech, "there was never more than four legs to the lot. Mayhap that giant split himself in two for the sake o' looks—there was enough o' him. Thank God for his loss! I would ne'er sleep easy again knowin' him alive."

Here words fell to a murmur until Lounsbury again spoke, evidently addressing himself to the one who was in authority on board:

"Now I take it, lieutenant, that by rights this craft is mine."

"Yours, ye toasted mug!" demanded the unknown voice. "What mean ye?"

"Ay, only be right o' prize, I mean," was the answer. "Twas I who first laid hand on her, an' got a split skull for my pains, an' not a damn sovereign to help heal it, neither so much glory as shines from the buttons o' yer coat. Prize be cussed! Now, if yer captaining will let me take her into port—as I came nigh doing awhile ago—'twill go far to put me right with the admiralty an' get me a job, mayhap, like that lost through Thorndyke takin' my name, damn his soul! D'y'e see?"

"Ay, I see, ye sweep! And is that all? No prize money?"

"Ay, all, all. Only to sail her home; no more."

"No more, eh? Ye are a cursed deep villain, but I'll touch the captain on it. Go get the grime from your face and look less like a toad. Had he seen you, 'twas no wonder Thorndyke launched himself over the rail. What now, Scammell? Does the last still live?"

"He lives, indeed," was the answer, "but whether or no he will bide long I cannot say. He was better on deck than he is below. The cabin still stinks. I hope 'twill not be forever before the doctor gets here. Was he drunk at mess? It is possible he can hold the lad's life long enough to allow him to speak; he does little now but moan."

At this the two walked forward, and I heard nothing but the coarse voices of the marines as they sang out to one another or laughed unceasingly.

The knowledge that Ames still lived gave me a quick sense of relief—a relief which fled on the instant as I thought of the probable future in store for him. My own position was infinitely better than his, even were he not suffering from a wound, and, as for his sister, after all was done, was she not better off than either? But was she dead? If not, what could have become of her? I had heard that the vessel had been searched without finding a trace of the third party to whom Belden had referred. On seeing all was lost, was it possible that she had thrown herself overboard that she might not witness her brother's tragic end? It was like her. It would have been an act showing her strength of character, as well as the weakness of her sex; a natural recoil from physical and mental suffering without a purpose; a heroic self-sacrifice. It was as well she had not suffered captivity and long-drawn misery. With her brother at death's door, or perhaps saved to die by military law; her property confiscated, without a home or relatives and at the mercy of the whims of a heartless mistress, life would have held no more for her than the doubtful benefit of mere existence in confinement for an indefinite period.

And yet was my reason against the idea of her self-destruction. There was mystery in her disappearance, but its solution lay not in that. The attacking party had boarded us from either side, yet not an eye had seen her cast herself into the sea. There was more than this to make me doubtful. For her brother's sake she had sacrificed herself before Clinton, yet on my hand was placed her last kiss. Had she left the world thus, without a word to him, without a warning to me? It was unnatural, unholy; it was monstrous to think of, and yet—The possible solution of the riddle as it drove into my brain had scarce time to find lodgment before it was put to flight by the voice of Belden, which seemed to come from directly overhead, his words showing that the continuance of my present safety was not assured.

"Think you that dingy could be hauled aboard and repaired? 'Twas a neat shot, and the ball seems to have cleft her like a knife."

"So it looks," came an answer, "but I'll warrant you'll find her full of fissures. The work will barely repay the trouble. Better cut her adrift. If wind comes, the wreck will drag like a sea anchor. You might give attention to the quarter boat yonder, and get the hatch aboard."

"The hatch, yes," Belden returned; "but the boat is stove badly. Curses on the rebel!"



"The ball struck Ames."

he has cost us ten men in all, and only to give us the slip! 'Tis small wonder Lounsbury has the shakes at thought of him! Think of the nerve!"

"Damn him!" was the retort. "What about the schooner? Lounsbury wants to take her in. There's nothing gone but the foretopmast, and with three men he could work her if the captain consents. In the face of our being short-handed, the idea is not bad if the villain can be trusted."

"He'll scarce run off with the schooner," answered Belden, "and lead is no temptation, though I'd be shy of trusting him with anything more valuable. I know him of old. He was scavenger to Clinton, and to Howe before him. Here, lad, cut away that painter."

The last words were an order probably given to a sailor, for presently I heard the splash of the severed line. At the same moment a boat swept by, and from the few words I could gather I guessed the Irish surgeon had arrived and gone aboard.

After that more boats passed and re-passed as time dragged on, and finally the bulk of the vessel's captors returned to their own schooner, for, saving now and then the sound of a single man tramping the deck, the stillness was unbroken.

It was with mighty satisfaction that I had heard the final order to cut the tie binding my refuge to the schooner. I gave no thought to what might come of my being adrift on the broad ocean. Beyond each moment as it came and went I seemed to have no interest. The future was blank, nor need I consider it so long as the wind held off, for in the calm the dingy and schooner would not part company, and until darkness fell I would be compelled to remain in my present pinched quarters.

Hooded as I was, up to the present my hearing had been my only sense brought into play, but with the departure of the last boat load of men I used my eyes for the first time. The interior of the shelter under which I hung was lighted almost entirely from below, and a delicate greenish-blue tint played over the planks and ribs of the wreck. Shielded from direct light overhead, the shell gave all the effects of a water telescope, for, on turning my eyes downward, my sight pierced the ocean for fathom after fathom, the color of the depths growing from the most tender blue to a clear and then dark green, showing me that the bottom lay beyond vision and far below. It was only by turning to the hole in the keel that I could guess the hour, nor was it long before the sun had set and darkness came on apace. By the natural attraction of floating bodies, the boat had drawn near the schooner, and, as the strand and crunched together, I heard the voice of the surgeon as he left the cabin and came on deck.

"Well, by the powers, I suppose I must obey orders. If the boy is moved, he dies—that's flat—an' by my soul, he may go, spite o' me skill! I must bide here the night, must I? Ay, well; send aboard a couple o' bottles, Belden, or, by the piper, I'll mutiny. Why should a dirty rebel be worth more than our men? Is Scammell to bide with me?"

"No," answered Belden; "he's sent for by the captain. I'll fix the liquor, McCarty. Now, Mr. Lounsbury, you have heard your instructions. Follow us as soon as the wind rises; you will have it ere long—the glass has fallen. We will stand near you. Are you ready, Scammell?"

There was suppressed conversation after this, and then another boat put away. In perhaps an hour it returned and was hoisted to the davits, and then again there was silence—a deep, brooding silence, such as is only known in a night calm on the sea.

As I have said, I had given no thought to the future, or what consequences my present situation might entail should the schooner follow her captor. But as the darkness deepened and a chill due to my protracted submersion struck to my bones, I realized that, except for having put myself beyond the sight of my enemies, I had accomplished nothing. True it was that I might have laid a course ere this, for I had hung unmolested for a number of hours; but, instead of turning to my own interests, I had let my brain play over the mystery of the disappearance of Miss King. What this portended I had failed to dwell upon. Knowing that for myself there remained nothing to do but stay where I was until chance should open a way for me to gain the shore or mischance deliver me a prisoner or send me to the bottom, I had racked my fancy for a solution of the one question regarding the lady. As a reward for this constant effort, I had hit upon what I thought to be the correct answer to the puzzle, but to verify it had been thus far beyond possibility. Now the darkness, the warning chill, and my general uncertainty brought me up with a round turn, and I gave attention solely to my own affairs.

Further than that I must leave my shelter and gain the schooner, I could not proceed in laying my line of action. To use the wreck as a support and push the unmanageable thing for an uncertain number of miles to the Long Island coast would result, in my present condition, in collapse and death. It did not take me long to determine that my only hope lay in the near-by schooner; a forlorn hope at best, for the attempt to board her would immediately place my life in jeopardy. Nor would I have turned a thought to her had I not overheard that she would be manned by Lounsbury and three hands only. This handful of men (the doctor counting as nothing in my eyes), the calm, and the probable total lack of discipline which would follow the transfer of the sailors from a vessel of war to a half-dismantled prize under unofficial command, might allow me to gain foothold on deck. Ay, I thought, by some possibility I may reclaim my loss and become master of the situation, only let me fairly see the chance.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

YANKEE ADVERTISING DODGE.

An Instance in Which a Shrewd Hunter Makes a Good Clean-Up with Cheap Cigars.

An ex-collector of customs relates this as among his experiences: "Some years ago and shortly prior to the holidays a man came into the office and said that he wanted to talk with me personally. He looked like an unsophisticated fellow who had come in from the country to try his hand at business, though he had sharp features and a nasal twang.

"Mister," he began when we were alone, "I'm in a kind of a snarl and I've come to you because I want to do the square thing. I had a nice lot of Havana cigars shipped to Windsor, thinkin' I could do a stroke sellin' 'em here in Detroit. I had a man there to take care of 'em till I come on, but he, not knowin' nothin' about the law, packs them cigars in a boat an' brings 'em over here without payin' no duty. I reckon it was emarginin', but he's honest as the sun and I hurried right here soon's I heard of what he'd done. Here's a sample of them cigars," he held out a box, "and I want to say right here that I never had a more delicious smoke." He took me to the little room he had rented and showed me hundreds of boxes on which he had paid the duty, and I let the matter drop. It got into the papers, even to my verdict as to the quality of the cigars.

"Then my honest Yankee made a special Christmas sale, patronized chiefly by ladies who did not care so much about price as they did about the credit of having once selected good goods. He was closed out in no time and disappeared. There was a rank odor in the local atmosphere that Christmas. The cigars were cheap Connecticut fillers and cheaper Pennsylvania wrappers. The cigar he gave me was a 'ringer.' Uncle Sam got money that did not belong to him, but it was an advertising scheme out of which the Yankee made a fat thing."

—Detroit Journal.

The Woman of It.
Postal Clerk—This letter is overweight, ma'am. You'll have to put another stamp on it.

Woman—I think the government is just too mean for anything. I know I've mailed hundreds of letters that weren't anywhere near full weight, so I think the least you can do is to let this one go through.—Judge.

A Pertinent Inquiry.
Newlywed (complacently)—Oh! of course, all women have sharp tongues; "every rose has its thorn," you know. Olfewriter (dryly)—And have you noticed, yet, how a rose will fade, but a thorn won't?—Puck.

Strategy.
"Why is it that you get down to the office so early now?"
"My wife's doing her own cooking, and I have to make her believe that I can't wait for breakfast."—Chicago Daily News.

She Talked.
"He said you were a bird."
"Really?" she exclaimed, delighted.
"Yes—a parrot."—Chicago Post.

FIFTY-SIXTH CONGRESS.

First Session.

Washington, Feb. 8.—Senate—The following bills and resolutions were passed: A bill in relation to Cuban vessels; resolution withdrawing certain lands within the city of Honolulu, Hawaiian Islands, from public domain (the land amounts to about 120,000 square feet and is used as a cemetery and mausoleum of the royal family of Hawaii); to place Henry Biederick, Julius R. Frederick, Francis Long and Maurice Connell, survivors of the ill-fated expedition on the marine list; to restore Benjamin W. Loring to the revenue cutter service; to place Francis W. Seeley on the retired list of the army as captain of artillery; granting a first-class life-saving medal to Lieut. F. S. Carter, U. S. N., for saving two lives at Norfolk, Va., in 1898; to place Andrew Geddes on the retired list of the army with the rank of captain; to pay Albert C. Brown \$1,000 for damages sustained in rescuing a shipwrecked crew in Alaska.

House—The house was in session an hour and a half, and only minor business was transacted. The ways and means committee bill establishing tariff rates on goods from Porto Rico into the United States, and vice versa, was reported, and Chairman Payne gave notice that the bill would be called up next Thursday. Bills were passed requiring certain lights on steam pilot boats to be anchored, and requiring masters of vessels to make reports of collisions; to amend the act to relieve certain enlisted men of the army from the charge of desertion, so as to extend the time within which applications for such relief may be filed.

Washington, Feb. 9.—Senate—Mr. Allison presented the credentials of his colleague, John H. Gear, re-elected senator from Iowa, for a term of six years from March 3, 1901. The credentials were filed. A little routine business was transacted before the financial bill was laid before the senate, and an adjournment was taken until Monday.

House—The house held only a short session and transacted no business. The pension bill was devoted to private pension bills. Adjournment was taken until Monday.

Washington, Feb. 10.—Senate—Senators were caught napping. Just after the session opened, and with a thin attendance, Senator Allen, of Nebraska, offered a resolution of sympathy with the survivors of the good offices of this nation to mediate the differences between the warring belligerents. The resolution was referred to the amazement of Mr. Allen, no objection being offered, it was passed. Soon afterward, however, a motion to reconsider was made, and the motion to reconsider was not cut off by reference to a committee so in effect he will have placed the question directly on record. A bill to provide pay for citizen retired officers of the marine corps was passed.

House—Not in session.

Washington, Feb. 12.—Senate—The following bills were passed: To encourage enlistment in the navy by providing successful applicants with an outfit valued at \$45; authorizing the president to nominate Brevet Maj. Alexander Stewart Webb, on the retired list of the army, as a lieutenant colonel; to authorize Hon. S. Handy, at present minister to Greece, Roumania and Serbia, to accept the decoration tendered him by the shah of Persia; to authorize the following naval officers to accept orders and decorations: Capt. H. C. Taylor, F. A. Cook, D. Sigars, E. Chadwick and C. F. Goodrich, Commanders W. N. Mead, J. H. Dayton, F. M. Symonds and C. C. Todd; granting permission for the erection of a bronze statue in Washington in honor of John Francis E. Spinner, late treasurer of the United States, and appropriating \$250 for a pedestal; for the preservation of the frigate Constitution, the measure providing that the ship should be restored as nearly as possible to its original condition. The rest of the day was devoted to a discussion of the financial bill.

House—The 35 private pension bills, favorably acted upon by the committee of the whole at last Friday night's session, were passed. A resolution to print 15,000 copies of the reports of the Philippine commission was adopted. Bills were introduced as follows: Providing for the relief of the pensioners of a state of Lincoln and appropriating \$500,000 for the purpose; prohibiting corporations, trusts, etc., from contributing to campaign funds or for influencing or intimidating employees; providing for a commission to adjust the indebtedness of the Central branch of the Union Pacific railroad to the government; an amendment to the interstate commerce law so as to give the commission greater powers; providing the transportation of convict-made goods. It being District of Columbia day, the session proceeded to the consideration of business relative to the district.

Washington, Feb. 13.—Senate—The financial debate was continued. Two great speeches, one in favor of the pending senate substitute measure and the other in opposition to it, were delivered, and the matter was postponed by senators with close attention. The first was delivered by Mr. Allison (la.), the ranking member of the finance committee, who presented his answers to the points raised against the pending senate bill. Mr. Jones (Nev.) declared that the bill was vicious and unwarranted, conferring too great power upon national banks and fastening the country to a golden currency. He discussed the question from a historical and philosophical viewpoint.

House—The members of the New York delegation held a meeting at noon, at which they were apprised of Representative Chickering's death, and appropriate resolutions were drafted for presentation to the house. The dead member's desk was draped and wreathed in flowers when the house met at noon. Mr. Payne (N. Y.) then made the announcement of the death of Chickering's death. As a further mark of respect the house adjourned at 12:35.

Washington, Feb. 14.—Senate—The routine business was briefly transacted, and it was concluded the financial bill was presented by the chair, and after 2 o'clock the debate proceeded under the ten-minute rule and at times became spirited and interesting. A test vote, indicating approximately the majority on the passage of the bill, was taken. Mr. Chandler (rep., N. H.) offered an amendment to authorize the president to appoint commissioners to any international binational conference that might be called, and it was defeated by a vote of 46 to 21.

House—The house entered upon the consideration of the executive legislative and judicial appropriation bill. Before Mr. Hemenway (Ind.), who was in charge of the bill, called it up, the reports on the contested election case of Aldrich vs. Robbins from the Fourth Alabama district were submitted. The majority reported in favor of the contestant and the minority in favor of the sitting member. No action was taken.

Did Not Consider the Treaty.

Washington, Feb. 15.—The senate committee on foreign relations resumed its regular weekly meeting Wednesday, but did not take up the Hay-Pauncefote treaty. This failure was due to the fact that the subcommittee having the treaty under special consideration, was not prepared to submit its report.

Mr. Phelps' Condition Unchanged.

New Haven, Conn., Feb. 14.—There is no appreciable change in the condition of E. J. Phelps.

Horton Boxing Law Doomed.

Albany, N. Y., Feb. 14.—Gov. Roosevelt stated that he is watching with a great deal of interest the progress of the bill to repeal the Horton boxing law. The governor thinks that the recent boxing contests in New York city show that the repeal law should pass.

Nine Prisoners Escape From Jail.

Coffeyville, Kan., Feb. 14.—Nine of the 11 prisoners confined in the city jail escaped about midnight. They crawled through a hole in the wall from which they had pried a stone.

"Nature Abhors a Vacuum."

Nothing in the world stands still. If you are well and strong day by day the blood supplies its tide of vigor. If you are ill, the blood is wrong and carries increasing quantities of diseased germs. You cannot change Nature, but you can aid her by keeping the blood pure. Hood's Sarsaparilla does this at nothing else can. Be sure to get Hood's.



A LESSON IN COURTESY.

Keat Rebuke Given a Haughty Woman by a Man in Working Clothes.

One afternoon a stylishly dressed woman boarded an Illinois Central train at Forty-seventh street. She sat down in the only vacant seat, beside a young workman, who was reading a book. The man wore blue overalls and carried a dinner pail. The woman drew herself together superciliously and elevated her eyebrows. In getting her ticket she dropped her purse, and the young fellow picked it up and offered it to her politely. She took it, without a word of thanks. All the way up town she fidgeted and behaved so unpleasantly that the attention of the other passengers in the car was attracted to the little drama.

When the train stopped at Randolph street the woman, in crowding past, knocked the book from the workman's hands.

"I beg your pardon," she condescended.

"Not at all, ma'am," responded the young fellow, cheerfully. "It's quite in keeping with the rest of your conduct."

And everybody thought it served her right.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Owned It All.
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